

No. 152.

Price 6d.

WEBSTER'S ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE;

OR,

"RAISING THE WIND" ON THE MOST-APPROVED
PRINCIPLES.

AN ORIGINAL BURLESQUE,

In One Act,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL, ADELPHI & HAYMARKET,

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY

B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING,

BY MR. BREWER,

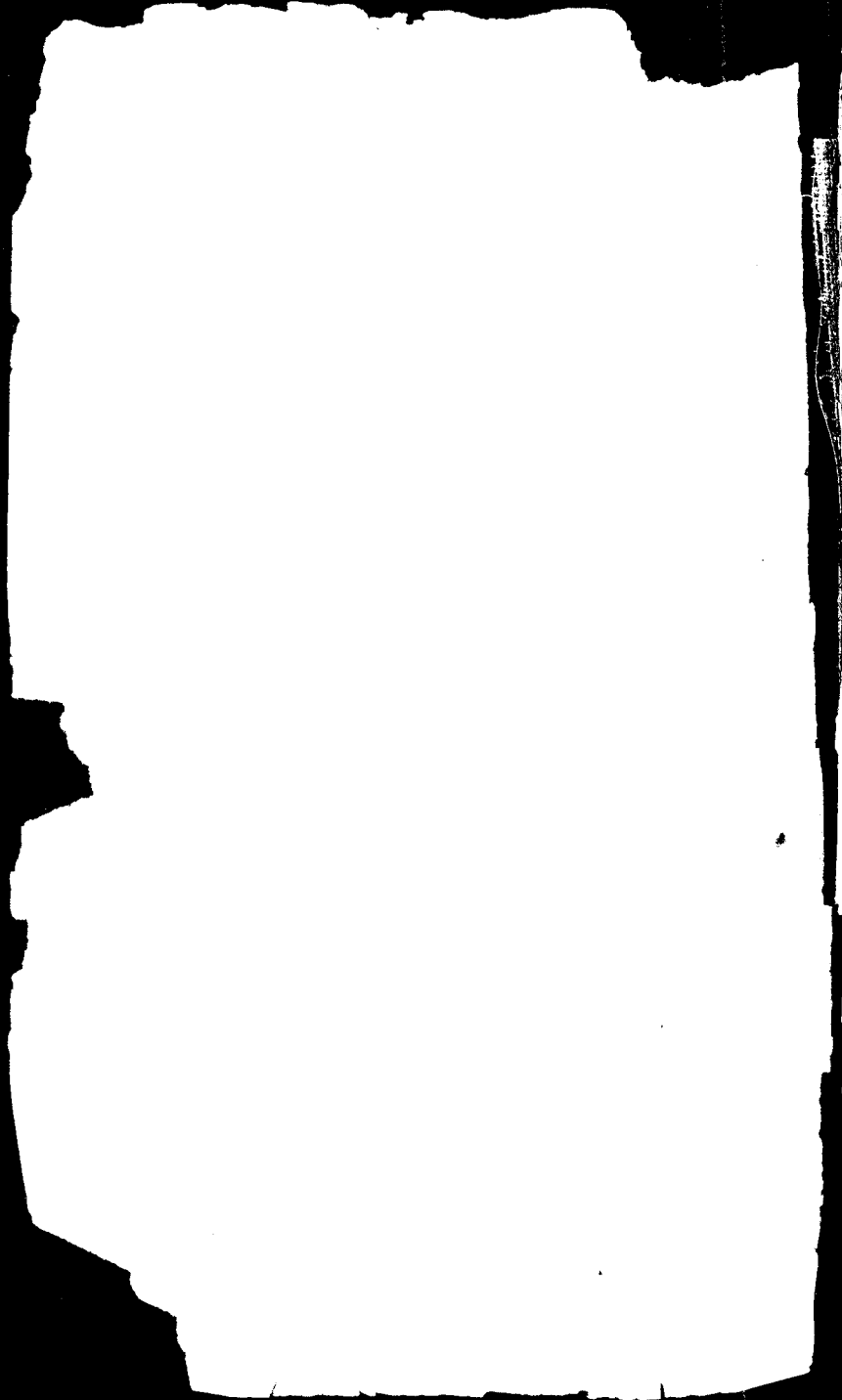
Taken during the representation of the Piece.

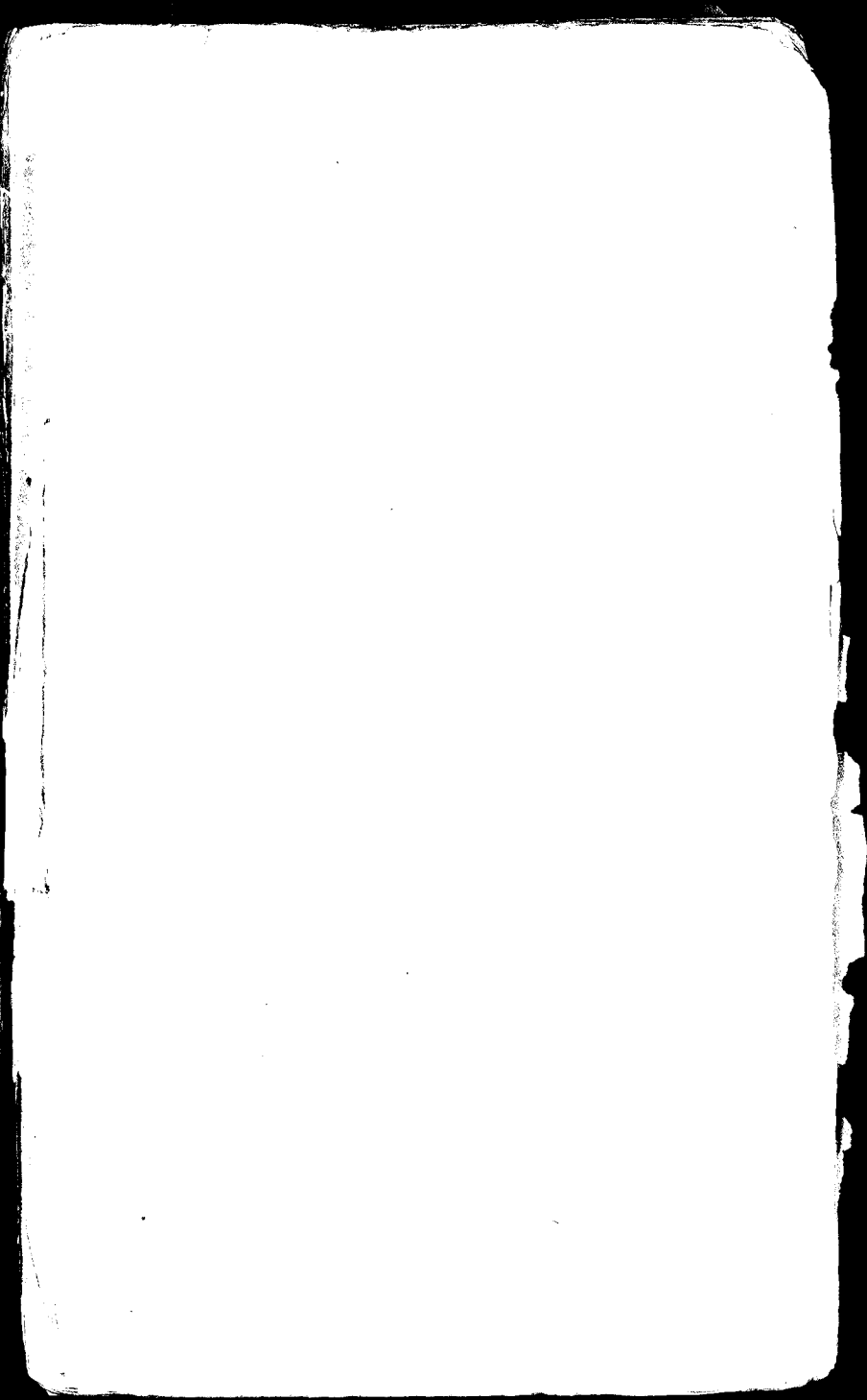
LONDON:

WEBSTER AND CO., 19, SUFFOLK STREET,
PALL MALL EAST;

W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STEAM PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S
LANE; MESSRS. SHERWOOD, GILBERT AND PIPER; WILLIAM
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EDINBURGH: AND ALL BOOKSELLER.

W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.







PROLOGUE.

SCENE — *representing various illustrations of the life of*
SHAKSPEERE.

Enter the GHOST OF SHAKSPEERE, followed by the POPULAR
COMEDIAN, L. The GHOST paces round the stage.

Com. Whither wilt thou lead me?
Speak—I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me!

Com. I will.

Ghost. I am old Shakspeare's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the earth,
And on the stage draw tolerable houses,—
Till, by the *taste* of a *discerning* age,
For monster drums and Ethiopian bards
Driven to make a way ;—but that I am forbid
To charm the public is not what has caus'd
My troubled spirit to revisit earth :
I can a tale unfold of recent wrongs,
Whose lightest word would harrow up a soul

Of gutta percha toughness—freeze thy blood—
 Make thy two eyes like cabs start from their stands—
 And each particular orb to roll and stretch
 Like pictures of the fretful hippopotamus
 At the Zoological! List! list! oh, list!
 If ee'r thou didst old Stratford William love—

Com. Good gracious!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Com. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul I've been accustom'd to—
 And in the ordinary way don't mind it—
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural—

Com. Haste me to know it, that I,
 With wings as swift as carrier-pigeon on the Derby
 Day,

May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;—
 And duller shouldst thou be than the dead cats
 That rot in countless shoals on Thames's banks,
 Didst thou not stir in this? — You've seen my
 "TEMPEST?"

Com. Some time ago.

Ghost. Ah—well—'twas given out—that—(pardon me,
 A ghost must have his feelings)—rumour reached me,
 That the whole ear of London
 Was by a forged process of my "TEMPEST"
 Rankly abus'd—and know, thou noble youth—
 With serpents and trombones disguised, my piece
 Now scares the town.

Com. Oh, my prophetic soul! the Opera!

Ghost. Aye—that most queer and het'rogenous dish,—
 With witchcraft and old fairy tales dress'd up,—
 (Singular taste! that could on Shakspeare graft

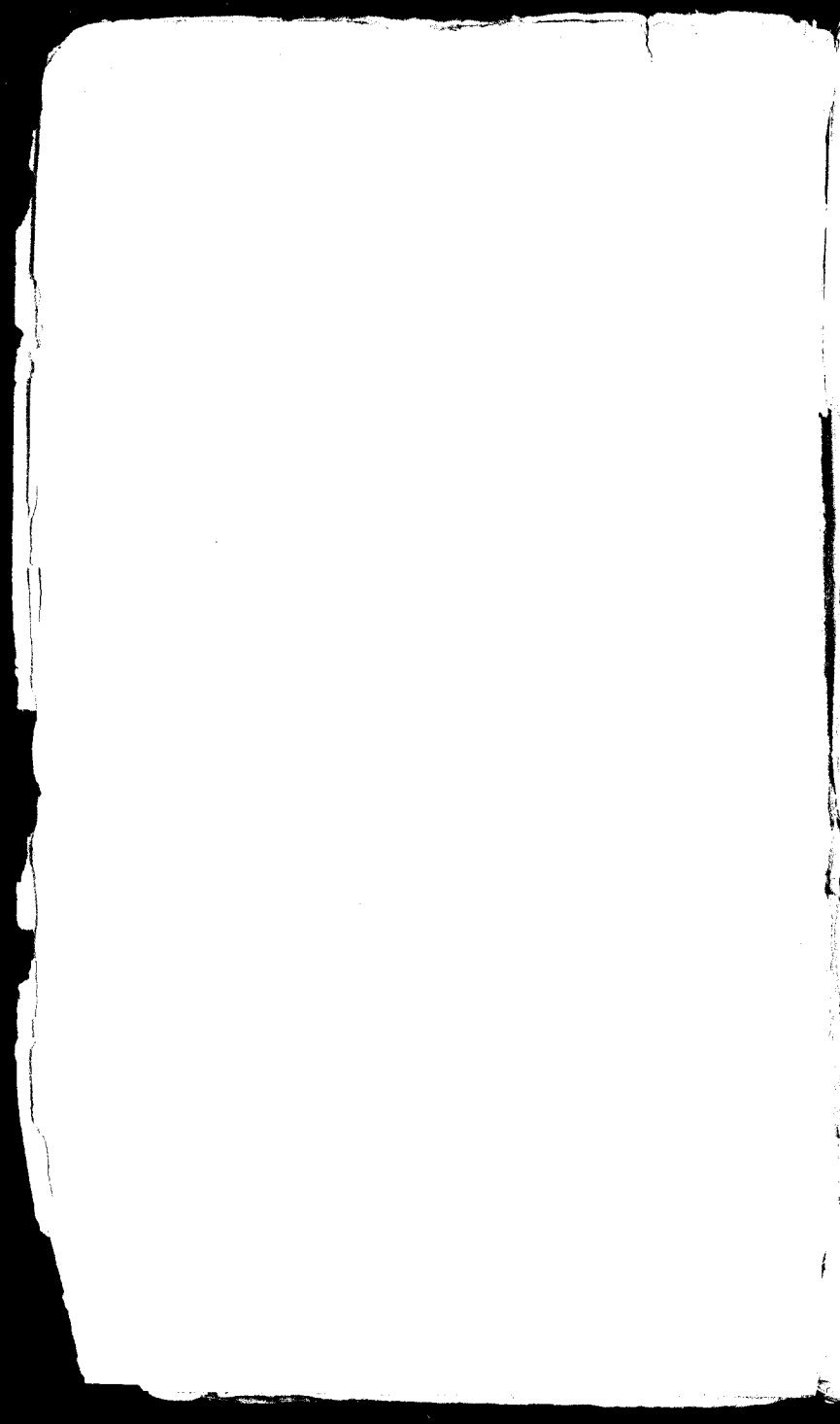
Old "Mother Bunch") bringing to "Tom Thumb's"
level

The plot of my most seeming perfect play.
Oh gracious! what a dreadful sight was there
For me, or any other anxious parent!
My tricky *Ariel* in a ballet skirt—
The fairy of a Christmas pantomime!
My *Caliban*—a melodrama villain—
Bearing *Miranda* off—(stol'n incident
From *Grindoff* in the "Miller and his Men!")
And then resorting to an ancient scheme
From "Harlequin and the Three Wishes" borrowed.
Oh horrible!—oh horrible!—most horrible!—
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not—
Do something, please—I'm not particular what—
But soft—an odour wafts along the wall—
Methinks I scent an early breakfast stall—
I must get home—I'm not allow'd a key—
Adieu!—adieu!—adieu!—remember me!

Exit L.

Com. Remember thee!—Aye, thou poor Ghost! ee'n while
Memory holds seat 'neath this distracted tile,
I will avenge thee for this outrage vile,
But how?—stop!—yes,—"*THE ENCHANTED ISLE.*"
Beat them on their own ground,—the play's the
thing.
We'll out-burlesque them!—Ho! there! Prompter,
ring!

Exit L.



THE ENCHANTED ISLE;

OR,

"RAISING THE WIND" ON THE MOST
APPROVED PRINCIPLES:

A DRAMA

WITHOUT THE SMALLEST CLAIM TO LEGITIMACY, CONSISTENCY,
PROBABILITY, OR ANYTHING ELSE BUT ABSURDITY;
IN WHICH WILL BE FOUND MUCH THAT IS UNACCOUNTABLY
COINCIDENT WITH SHAKSPERE'S "TEMPEST."

BY THE

BROTHERS BROUGH.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI,

AND REVIVED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY,
WITH THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, SCENIC ARRANGEMENTS,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING,

BY MR. BREWER,

Taken during the Representation of the Piece.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE NATIONAL ACTING DRAMA OFFICE,
19, SUFFOLK STREET, PALM MALL EAST; "NASSAU STEAM
PRESS" 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHANCERY CROSS; TO BE
HAD OF STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW; WISEHEART, SUFFOLK
STREET, DUBLIN; AND ALL RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

First Performed at the Adelphi Theatre, Monday, Nov. 20, 1848.

	ADELPHI.	HAY-MARKET.
ALONZO, (<i>one of the numerous instances now-a-days of a Monarch all abroad and quite at sea.</i>)	Mr. P. BEDFORD.	Mr. JAMES BLAND.
FERDINAND, (<i>his son, a fast man, thrown loose upon the waves.</i>)	Miss WOOLGAR.	Mrs. FITZWILLIAM.
GONZALO, (<i>a Minister in a queer State, with many hankerings after the Home Department.</i>)	Mr. WAYE.	Mr. ROGERS.
PROSPERO, (<i>a Wizard of the North, South, East, and West Winds, an exiled Monarch, who, in his adverses of fortune, is blessed with excellent spirits.</i>)	Mr. O. SMITH,	Mr. CHARLES SELBY.
ARIEL, (<i>a Magic Page from Shakspeare's Magic Volume.</i>)	Mad. CELESTE.	Miss P. HORTON.
CALIBAN, (<i>a smart, active lad, wanted [by Prospero] to make himself generally useful, but by no means inclined to do so—an Hereditary Bondsman, who, in his determination to be free, takes the most fearful liberties.</i>)	Mr. MUNYARD,	Mr. BUCKSTONE.
MIRANDA, (<i>the original Miss Robinson Crusoe—Prospero's pet and Ferdinand's passion.</i>)	Miss M. TAYLOR.	Mrs. L. S. BUCKINGHAM.
COURTIERS, (<i>without a Court to shelter in.</i>)		
LORDS, (<i>doomed to short Com-mons.</i>)		

FOREIGN PROPAGANDISTS.

EASA DI BACCASTOPPA, (<i>Captain of the "Naples Direct" Steamer, first seen on the paddle-box, but subsequently discovered in the wrong box.</i>)	Mr. C. J. SMITH.	Mr. CAULFIELD.
SMUTTIFACIO, (<i>a Neapolitan Stoker, very badly off in the commodity of Naples soap.</i>)	Mr. SANDERS.	Mr. CLARK.

FAIRIES,

Whom, in consequence of the disturbed state of the times, it has been found necessary to swear in as Special Constables, whose names are neither here nor there, but who will be found here, there, and everywhere.

COSTUME

ALONZO—Brown pilot coat, blue pantaloons, crimson straps trimmed with gold, russet boots, pink spotted neck handkerchief, with crown.

FERDINAND—Blue jacket trimmed with gold, pink striped shirt, white skirt, trimmed ditto, red pantaloons, red sash, gold fringe, straw hat, bound with blue, ditto band, blue Joinville, black shoes, crimson puffs, sword and star.

GONZALO—Lavender-colored shape, trimmed with silver, blue and white striped hose, white cravat, modern hat, russet shoes.

PROSPERO—Black velvet gown, vest, pantaloons, shoes, college cap, with gold tassel and scarlet girdle; change to crimson velvet gown, trimmed with magic figures.

CALIBAN—Short white pinafore, white frill, green patched trousers, blue striped hose, laced black boots.

EASADI BACCASTOPPA—Blue pilot coat, blue striped shirt, petticoat trousers, blue border, red pantaloons, russet boots, blue and white spotted cravat, and sou'-wester.

SMUTTIFACIO—Canvass jacket, blue striped shirt, petticoat trousers, red pantaloons, highlow shoes, black glazed cap.

LORDS.

1st—Buff velvet wrapper, blue cravat, under dress scarlet and white shape, trimmed with silver, black hat, colored plume, black shoes, crimson puffs.

2nd—Purple velvet tunic, trimmed with gold, black breeches, white silk hose, shoes and buckles, large police cape, black velvet hat, colored plume.

3rd—Crimson Newmarket coat, with blue sleeves, trimmed with ermine and gold, blue pantaloons, gold stripe, black boots, with ermine tops, white cravat, modern hat, colored plume.

4th—Black coat and breeches, scarlet straps, trimmed with gold over russet boots and flesh hose, silver helmet, horse hair red tail, blue silk stock, long buff sword belt, large buckle.

th—Scarlet regimental coat, trimmed with gold, blue full breeches, amber straps, trimmed with silver, flesh hose, Albert hat, russet boots.

6th—Violet colored velvet jacket, trimmed with gold, white satin puffs, black velvet cloak, trimmed with gold, scarlet plaid trousers, buff hat, scarlet band, colored plume, modern boots.

SOLDIERS—Scarlet coats, breast-plates over buff skirts, with red border, flesh hose, black sandals, and Albert hat.

MIRANDA—Blue satin dress, trimmed with silver, straw hat, black silk mantle, pink parasol.

ARIEL—White gauze petticoat, green velvet jacket, with gilt buttons, page's black hat.

FAIRIES—White net dresses, blue gauze aprons and braces, trimmed with silver, caps trimmed with blue and silver.

Time of Representation, One Hour and Thirty Minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S.E.L. second entrance, left. S.E.R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. Centre. L.C. left centre. R.C. right centre. T.E.L. third entrance, left. T.E.R. third entrance, right. Observing, you are supposed to face the audience.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

SCENE I.—*A romantic Dell in the Island.—An assemblage of Fairies with staves in their hands, and bits of ribbons round their arms, à la Special Constables.*

CHORUS.

TUNE—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

IN blithe attendance here we wait
Upon our mighty Lord so great,
That most illustrious potentate,
The King of the Magical Island.
At his command we take up sticks,
And thus in martial phalanx fix,
Prepared to play all sorts of tricks—
As vulgar people say—like bricks!
No matter how soon our tasks begin,
Though we don't know why we've been sworn in;
But what's the odds if the thanks we win
Of the King of the Magical Island?

[Dance to the music of chorus, the Fairies knocking their staves together.]

- 1st F. I wonder now what this is all about;
They've sworn us *in*, and also called us *out*;
But what's it for? Can any one explain
Why we have thus been put in *special train*?
- 2nd F. I can't for one—to me 'tis most mysterious;
This *staff* appointment, though, looks rather serious.
It scarcely suits my notions of propriety,
Being a member of the Peace Society.

- 3rd F. Nor mine. I rather fear our destined course
Is not consistent with a moral force
Like ours—
- 4th F. Have a little patience, pray.
Just wait till Ariel comes, when, I dare say,
He'll tell us everything. (Music. *Ariel appears.*)
Well, that is rum ;
Talk of the—you know who—he's sure to come.
[*Fairies flock round ARIEL.*]
- 1st F. Well, Ariel. What's the row?
2nd F. Ah ! what's the matter ?
3rd F. What's up ?
4th F. What's happened ?
Ari. Cease this dreadful clatter.
Silence, I say—attention ! (*All drop their staves.*)
Stand at ease ?
I can't have "cries to question" such as these.
Attend to me !
- Fairies.* Order ! Hear, hear ! Bravo.
- Ari. Can't you be quiet ? Listen now, and know
Your duties for the day.—You'll find them various.
You'll have to deal with schemes the most nefarious—
Tasks the most arduous too—but never mind ;
Your first job's this—you'll have to raise the wind.
- 1st F. And that's no easy job to do, at any rate.
How shall we do it ? Add an eighteen-penny rate
Unto the taxes ?
- Ari. Silence ! you this day
Must rule the weather—make the gulf *o-bey* ;
Make the white *surf* your *slave* ; seize on the seas—
To keep the peace ?
- 1st F. No ; to kick up a breeze.
Ari. Blow up the winds ; let not a breath be idle ;
Hurry the hurricane : the rain unbridle ;
Let all the light be shut off from the main,
And o'er the ocean let commotion reign.
Each ship to miss its proper sailing cause,
And so repeal all Navigation Laws.
With waves and waverings assail all sailors,
And play the what's-his-name among the tailors.
- 2nd F. But what's it for that restlessly we wrestle
With storms and tempests ?
- Ari. Just to sink a vessel ;
That's all—some friends our master does expect,
Whose ship must sink, that they may come *di-rect*.
But now be off—you know your first task,—mind,
Use all your skill—there's much more left behind.

None must be free from work till this is ended—

“The free list is entirely suspended!”

Come now, away! come storms, come shipwrecks, leaks!
Come, Boreas, come! Blow winds and crack your cheeks!

[*Exeunt. Stage becomes gradually dark. Thunder lightning, rain, wind, &c.*]

SCENE II.—*Deck of the “Naples Direct” Steam-boat, Funnel in c., Paddle-boxes R. & L., with practicable gallery from one to the other. Stage enclosed by sides of the boat, meeting at the back, like the bows of an ordinary steam-boat, but gilt and ornamented. Smoke from funnel—Stage dark, thunder, lightning, &c. ALONZO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, LORDS, COURTIER, &c. disposed about the stage, sea-sick, with their heads tied up; luggage, carpet-bags, &c. EASA DI BACCASTOPPA walking about on the paddle-boxes. SMUT-TIFACIO, &c.*

SONG.—FERDINAND AND CHORUS.

TUNE—“*My Skiff is on de Shore.*”

We are going—we are going; but where, is more than I know;
Down to Davy Jones, I’ll bet half my rhino;
Wiser folks by far than we are they
Who on shore securely stay.

CHORUS.

Sung by all the passengers lugubriously, without rising.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! &c.

The sea’s a horrid bore, and don’t suit me;
Once again on shore, a fixture I’ll be;
For, as we paddle on, we’re never free
From the keenest misery.

(*Fer. to Al.*) Here’s pleasure, here’s amusement, here’s diversion;

This is your Royal Maritime Excursion—
A precious treat! Fun for some sea-side gapers;
And woodcuts for the illustrated papers.

Al. Ungrateful boy! for you we’ve laid this plan;
You know you called yourself a yachting man.
You’ve often bragged that half your time was passed
Upon the sea—

Fer. Of course, it sounds so fast;
But were you green enough to think I meant it?
My time, indeed! more sensibly I’ve spent it.

Alo. Presumptive heir! was it for us to tell
 That all your talked-of sailing was a sell?
 Your conduct, sir, a most deceptive sort I call;
 We thought your tastes were eminently nautical.
 At first you strutted, joked, and chaffed the crew,
 Drank grog, and smoked cigars—now, we smoke you.

[*Wind.*

But hark at B reas! would that we were sailing
 Beyond the pale of his rude blustering railing!
 It's most extravagant, with Neptune's means,
 His playing pitch and toss with sovereigns. [*Wind.*
 Blow me! here's weather (*Lightning*) Blazes! there again!
 Had ever monarch such a wretched [*rain*]?

GONZALO, (*wrapping himself up.*)

All hail, great King! that any one can tell.
 But see! the Prince, his Highness, don't seem well.

[*FERDINAND, who has been gradually growing worse, staggers and falls. ALONZO, GONZALO, and some of the LORDS stagger up to his assistance. Some of the LORDS try to rise, but are unable; others do not move.*

Fer. (*faintly.*) Farewell, a long farewell to all my boasting.
 This is the state of gents who go out coasting:
 To-day, when all is calm, on deck they swagger,
 And talk in sailors' slang. The next day stagger,
 And bend in silent anguish o'er the seas.
 The third day comes a breeze—a stiffish breeze—
 And when they think, mistaken snobs! full surely
 It may go off, they feel uncommon poorly;
 In fact, as ill as I do.

Alo. Try to sleep!
Fer. What! “rocked upon the cradle of the deep?”
 But that's a sad misnomer; any deep-un
 Would know it's not at all the place to sleep on.
 Take me below, though—I would go to bed;
 I feel so *neavy* that I must be *led*.

Alo. Well, 'gainst our shoulder rest your aching crown,
 Your Pa', who brought you up, will take you down.

[*They prepare to support FERDINAND down to the cabin. GONZALO takes one arm, and a LORD the other. ALONZO supports his head; while doing so*

ALONZO sings.

TUNE—"Down among the Dead Men."

Here's his head for the King, and an arm apiece,
Let's take him below, ere his pains increase.
Come, let's take him while we've breath,
For we ourselves feel sick to death.
He'll, p'raps, be better bye-and-bye.

CHORUS.

Down upon the bed, then—
Down upon the bed, then.
Down, down, down, down.
Down upon the bed, then,
Let him lie.

[*Exeunt through the companion c., carrying FERDINAND below.—Scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—*A romantic Landscape in the Island. A Bank for sitting on, L.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA, L. (as out for a walk.)

Mir. At last, thank goodness! all the weather's o'er,
And one can trust oneself outside the door.
The clouds have washed themselves completely out,
And, like poor folks, have nothing left to spout.
And the rough wind that lately roared so loud
With his huge pipe, no longer blows a cloud.
But what a storm!

Pro. Yes, 'twas a roughish bout;
But now it's fine—see, there's a blue look-out.

[*Pointing to the sky.*]

And now each bird his lively song forth launches:
Hark! from yon tree—"Music in all its branches."

Mir. Yes, now it's fine—the sun shines—all looks *grand* in it.
But tell me, Pa'—this storm—had you no *hand* in it?
I do suspect, nay more, I little doubt
Your spirits raised the wind for this blow out—
You have *such* spirits!

Pro. (evasively.) Yes, I'm pretty jolly.

Mir. (coaxingly.) Nay, tell me—

Pro. To withhold the truth is folly.
You're right, my child. It was your father's doing.
The hail and heavy wet were my own brewing;
My spells, 'gainst which no earthly powers can rub,
Made Nature form one mighty spouting club.

But come, sit down, my heart's own precious treasure ;
Like Peel upon the *Bank*, let's cause a *pressure*.

[*They sit on the bank.*]

"Something to your advantage" I've to tell.
Can you remember ere you came to dwell
Upon this island ?

Mir. No, not very clearly ;
A few odd jumbled recollections merely,
Of pinafores, high chairs, and worsted socks,
The measles, hooping cough, and chicken-pox.
But t'other night I'd such a dream.

Pro. What was it, if
You recollect it ?

Mir. Why, I won't be *positive*.
The feeling memory doesn't seem to bring it
Back with much clearness—still, I'll try and sing it.

[*The band plays the air, "I Dreamt that I dwelt in
Marble Halls."*]

SONG.—MIRANDA.

TUNE—"Such a getting up Stairs."

I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,
'Midst richly gilt and papered walls,
With mirrors large on all the piers,
And great big cut-glass chandeliers.
Such a pleasure-ground too,
With a fountain in the middle,
Such a very nice place
You never did see.

[*During the chorus PROSPERO produces a pair of
"bones" from his pocket, and accompanies her
à la Ethiopian Serenaders.*]

I dreamt that all the fine folks there
Deemed nought for me too good or rare.
And, to serve my lightest wish, would rush
Tall men, in powdered wigs and plush.
Such a very nice place,
And such very pleasant people,
Such a very nice place
You never did see.

Pro. So, so! Now, then, my story I will tell :
Once on a time. Yet stay, I'll sing as well.

SONG.—PROSPERO.

TUNE—"The Cork Leg."

A tale I tell, without any flam;
 I'm of noble blood by sire and dam,
 In point of fact; mind, I'm telling no cram,
 The rightful monarch of Naples I am.
 Ri tooral, ooral, &c.

A brother I had, who by vile machination
 Palavered the whole of my population,
 And got up a popular manifestation,
 And forced me to sign my abdication.
 Ri tooral, ooral, &c.

So being kicked out by subjects and kith,
 I escaped to this isle *in the name of Smith*;
 Took up with the conjuring trade forthwith;
 So now of my story you have heard the pith.
 Ri tooral, ooral, &c.

Mir. Then you're a king?

Pro. I am, by all that's rightful.

Mir. And I a princess?

Pro. Yes!

Mir. Lor'! how delightful!

But to be done so cleanly of your throne,
 You were no conjuror *then*, as you must own.

Pro. Why, no; perhaps my conduct was a *flat* sort.
 I stopped a dinner—or—a something of *that* sort,
 Which made me not so popular as *might* be.
 But never mind; again 'twill soon all *right* be.

Mir. No?

Pro. Yes!

Mir. Fact?

Pro. Poz!

Mir. In earnest?

Pro. Quite!

Mir. Delicious!

But how d'ye know?

Pro. What! of my art suspicious?

All the dread agents of my mystic power
 Foretell the approach of an auspicious hour.
 The stars, my cups and balls, the learned pig,
 My hocus-pocus, card tricks, thimble-rig—
 These mighty spells I've tried—they all agree.
 And shortly,—“You shall see what you shall see.”

[*In the style of street conjurors.*]

Mir. We'll leave this place, of course?

Pro. Yes!

Mir. That's a blessing!

For really here the dullness is distressing.
It's not the proper place for me—now is it?
There's no society—no friends to visit.
And as for fashions, as they change about,
I've not a chance of seeing what comes out.
Our fairy servants, too, tho' quick and ready,
Their characters are light, and far from steady.
And, worst of all, this is the hardest case—
There's not a nice young man about the place.

Pro. "Cheer up, my own Jeannette"—I mean Miranda,
Of joyous hopes I'll be a propaganda.
"A good time's coming"—things will shortly mend.
But stay—to business I must now attend.
What, ho! there, Ariel?

Enter ARIEL, L.

Ari. Here, most mighty King! . . .
Is there anything I can come—for to go—for to fetch—
for to carry—for to bring?

Pro. Silence! come here—your news?

[*ARIEL is about to speak.*

Yet, stay, though—sing!

SONG.—*ARIEL.*

TUNE—"Guy Fawkes."

I sing a dreadful hurricane, the sea like froth of Guinness' tears,
And in its fury swallows up the King and all his Ministers.
That is, it would have swallowed them—all Naples would
regret it,

But a certain thing prevented it—your Fairies wouldn't let it.

Pro. (spoken.) Hah!

Mir. (spoken.) Oh!

Tol ol de riddle, &c.

The Prince escaped, and swam ashore, despite the tempest's
rage, Sir,

And then the King and *suite* got safe upon the landing stage,
Sir;

That is, they would have come that way, to get themselves on
dry land,

But couldn't, 'cos there's ne'er a landing-stage upon the island.
Mir. Hah!

Pro. Ch!

Tol ol de riddle, &c.

Pro. The King is safe, then.

Ari. Safe as Kings can be

In these queer times of hot Democracy.

Pro. Good boy! right nobly hast thou done thy work.

The Prince, you say?

Ari. Swam like a *Cove of Cork*.

Though a grown *man*, he floated like a *buoy*.

They seemed not arms, but fins, he did employ.

Although we toss'd the waves about, and flung them

As if the Great Sea Serpent were among them,

He paddled through them like a thing of scales.

Indeed he might have been the *Prince of W(h)ales*.

Pro. And hast thou followed my instructions?

Ari. All!

In half an hour from him you'll have a call.

Mir. What! call on us—a Prince!—oh! how delicious!

Although we're not as smart as he might wish us.

Is the Prince young?

Pro. Yes! and a man of taste.

Mir. (*going L.*) Then I'll get home at once.

Pro. But why such haste?

Mir. Why! Pa', you really put one in a passion,

As if I'm going to meet a man of fashion

In such a figure; he would think it strange.

I've got to "do" my hair, of course, and "change."

[*Exit, L.*]

Pro. Now to your work: you know you've lots to do.

Ari. Yes; and you promised, when it's all got through,

Me from my present servitude you'd ransom.

Pro. I will, and also do the thing what's handsome:

I'll give up your indentures, as I said.

And as I mean to cut the wizard trade,

I'll let you have the stock, good-will, and fixtures;

All instruments, books, spells, and magic mixtures;

The spirits, and the forms of incantation,

I'll let you have without a valuation.

[*Exit, L.*]

Ari. Bless his old heart! there's an indulgent master.

Yet one would rather be one's own—it's faster.

Oh! won't I go the pace to some amount,

When I'm in business on my own account?

I vow I feel so happy and elated,

That with delight I'm half intoxicated.

No end of joy within my bosom's pent;

I must by some mean give my feelings vent.

[*Ponders awhile; then dances the Cachucha, and*

Exit, L.]

SCENE IV.—*Before Prospero's Cell, a combination of a Cave and a modern Dwelling, being a rock, L., with a street door and a window let into it. On the door a plate, with "Sig. Prospero." A board, R., on which is pasted a poster, with "Blaze of Triumph!! Positively the last week of Sig. Prospero, the celebrated Wizard of the Isle!! who is about to Break his Staff and Drown his Book!!!" A Landscape and Sea View in the back.*

Enter MIRANDA from door, L.

Mir. Now he may come as soon as e'er he pleases.

I think this style—as fast men say—"the cheese" is.

[Looking at her dress.

I wonder who he is, and what he's like,
And if his fancy I may chance to strike.
But where's that Caliban? he's never near
When wanted. Caliban, where are you?

Cal. (within, R.)

Here!

Mir. Come here, slave!

Cal. (entering R. with a Wellington boot on one arm and a brush in his hand.) Slave! come, drop that sort of bother;

Just let me ax, "Ain't I a man and a brother?"

Mir. The airs that servants give themselves just now,
They are the "Greatest Plague in Life," I vow.
Don't answer me, but work, you gaping swine;
Polish those boots, or else there'll be a shine.

Then come to me.

[Exit by door, L.

Cal.

There, now; her dander's riz—

It's jolly hard upon a cove, it is.

List to my story; when it meets your ears

I'm sure the *Boxes* will be all in *tears*,

And in the *gentle pit* each *gent'l* pity me.

I'm plain, straightforward, honest, every *bit* o' me,

And though in polished articles I deal,

"A round unvarnished tale" I will reveal.

SONG.

TUNE—"Georgy Barnwell, good and pious."

Sons of freedom, hear my story,

Pity and protect the slave,

Of my wrongs the inventory

I'll just tip you in a stave.

Tiddle ol, &c.

[Brushes the boot to the chorus.

From morn till night I work like winkin',
 Yet I'm kicked and cuffed about,
 With scarce half time for grub or drinkin',
 And they never lets me have a Sunday out.
 Tiddle ol, &c.

And if jaw to the gov'nor I gives vent to,
 He calls up his spirits in a trice,
 Who grip, squeeze, bite, sting, and torment—oh!
 Such friends at a *pinch* are by no means nice.
 Tiddle ol, &c.

But I'll not stand it longer, that I'll not,
 I'll strike at once, now that my *mettle's* hot.
 Ha! here he comes! Now soon I'll make things better,
 "Hereditary Bondsmen," hem! Et cetera.
 [*Folds his arms and looks dignified.*]

Enter PROSPERO, L.

Pro. Well, sir, why don't you work?

Cal. (*giving the boot a single rub.*) Ay, there's the rub.

Pro. What! mutinous! out, vile, rebellious cub!

Cal. (*with sudden vigour.*) Oh! who's afraid? Blow you and
 your boots together. [*Throws boot down.*]

My soul's above your paltry upper leather.

Pro. (*aside.*) That's democratic, and by no means moral!

(*To Caliban.*)

Pick up that boot, unless you'd pick a quarrel.
 You'd best not raise a breeze.

Cal. Oh! blow your breezes,

The love of liberty upon me seizes;
 My bosom's filled with freedom's pure emotions,
 And on the "Rights of Labour" I've strong notions.

Pro. You want work, then?

Cal. No—up for my rights I'll stick;
 I've long enough been driven—now I'll kick.

SONG.

TUNE—"When the Heart of a Man."

When the back of a donkey's oppress'd with wares,
 Which weigh rather more than his strength well bears,
 Instead of submitting he stoutly—stoutly
 Plucks up a spirit and shows some airs.
 Stripes are administer'd—kicks also,
 But his stout ribs no emotion show.

Press him,
 Caress him,
 Try kicking
 Or licking,

The more he is wollop'd the more he won't go.

Pro. This sort of thing at once I'd better crush,
 I'll stand no more—pick up that boot, then brush.
[Pointing off with st off.]

Cal. Never—I swear.

Pro. Oh! very good; we'll see, sir.

[Taps his wand on the Stage. Fairy Specials appear from all parts, and commence laying on to CALIBAN with their slaves, chasing him round the stage.]

Cal. (picks up the boot.) Oh no, sir—don't sir,—please, sir.—
 Twasn't me, sir! *[Runs off, followed by fairies.]*

Pro. Thus disaffection should be timely checked.
 Now for the Prince, whom shortly I expect;
 He little thinks, in his perambulations,
 How soon he'll drop upon some blood relations,
 Nor that he stands on matrimony's edge,
 For at his *uncle's* he must leave a *pledge*—
 His heart; Miranda from his breast must pick it,
 And on it lend her own—ay, that's the ticket.
 I have a plan their passion to ensure—
 All sorts of trouble I'll make him endure;
 And on their intercourse I'll lay restriction,
 So that they'll fall in love from contradiction.

Mir. (from door, L.) Pa!

Pro. Yes, dear!

Mir. Come, and put some tidy things on.

Pro. Well, look me out a collar, one with strings on.

[Exit by door L.]

[Railway music; a bell and steam whistle. A fairy Special rises through trap, c. with a flag, and holds it out as Railway policemen do. A noise of an approaching Train is heard. Shortly after enter a fairy Locomotive, R. with ARIEL, and a Special as engineer and stoker, attached to a car, in which sits FERDINAND, attended by fairy Specials. Train stops at C. ARIEL and FERDINAND get out.]

Ari. Now then, sir, for the Wizard Cavern Station,
 Your ticket, please—this is your destination.

[Jumps into train.]

Fer. (looking round amazed.) Nay, pray explain—just say why
 here you bring me, *[Train drives off, L.]*
 Gone, like the baseless fabric of a thing'me!
 The train has vanished into sheer vacuity,
 That engine shows the greatest ingenuity.

The very line 's gone. Oh, it's clear as day
That line was but a "Pencilling by the way;"
And something's rubbed it out; or 'tis perhaps
One of those airy atmospheric chaps. [*Sees the door.*
But ho! what's here? "A local habitation?"
Ay, "and a name." Now for some explanation.

[*Reads the bill.*

'Um! "Blaze of triumph!" That's a flaming placard,
I'll knock, and boldly; yes, egad, I'll whack hard.
[*He knocks, PROSPERO comes out suddenly followed by MIRANDA.*
Pro. (fiercely.) "Who am dat a knocking at de door?"

Fer. It's me!

Pro. And pray, sir, what may your intentions be?

Fer. Pity the sorrows of a poor young man,
Whom fairy sprites have brought unto your door,
Who wishes you to give him—if you can,
A simple explanation—nothing more.

Mir. (aside.) 'Tis he, I know, with Cupid's darts I'm struck.

Fer. (seeing MIRANDA.) Good Heavens! What a captivating
duck!

Pro. (aside.) They're smitten. (*Aloud and sternly.*) For the
questions you have put,
I've but one answer, which is simply "Cut!"

[*Motioning his wand.*

Fer. (astonished.) Cut?

Mir. Cut?

Pro. Yes, cut!

Mir. Well, really, Pa' I call
That cut the most unkindest cut of all.

Pro. Silence, bold minx! Now, once for all, sir—hook it!
This is no inn—was it for such you took it?

Fer. An inn your house by me was never *thought* to be,
Tho' I confess I really think it *ought* to be.
It might accommodation find at least
For man, since it accommodates a beast.

Mir. Pa' I'm ashamed of you. [*Crosses to u.*

(*To FERDINAND.*) Sir, don't suppose
That rudeness such as that my father shows
Runs in the family. I've none of it,
I don't take after him.

Fer. You don't, a bit.

All I can say is—if from him you came,
"Deny thy father and refuse thy name,"
And in return please to accept of me. [*Opens his arms.*

Mir. I like the barter, most amazingly.

[*About to rush into his arms.*

Pro. (*Stopping her.*) Back, forward puss! egad, 'twas time to stop her;

Advances such as these are most improper.

Fer. Our passion's sudden, but the style's not new,

We're "Romeo and Juliet" number two.

Maiden, I swear—

Pro. Pooh! pooh! your vows are hollow as

Drums. And besides, we don't allow no followers,

Save men whose minds are honorably bent—

Not such as you—a trickster and a gent.

Fer.—(*drawing his sword à la De Mauprat in "Richelieu."*)

Gent! Zounds—Sir Conjuror!

Pro. Ho! my angry child!

You've drawn your sword—you'd best have drawn it mild.

[*Waves his wand. FERDINAND is transfixed and unable to move.*]

Fer. Holloa! what's this? Quite powerless I'm grown;

From a real brick, I'm changed into a stone.

I don't half like it—it quite spoils one's pleasure;

This is a most unfair Coercive Measure.

Come, please to set me free, old fellow, will you?

And 'pon my word, I'll promise not to kill you.

Pro. You plead in vain; no, there take up your dwelling,

A fatal column of my magic spelling.

Mir. You can't be such a brute, Pa' surely no;

I'll be his bail, if you will let him go.

Fer. Thou art my bale of precious goods the rarest,

Within my heart locked up, and safely ware'us'd,

How I'd embrace thee, were I only free!

Mir. "More free than welcome" you could never be.

Pro. (*aside.*) All right!—I've changed my mind another way;

I'll punish you; therefore be free, I say.

[*FER. goes through pantomime expressive of being fr*

Fer. As the first sign of liberty I seize

The freedom of the press, or rather squeeze.

[*Embraces MIRAN*

Pro. Phe'w! here's an open armed and public meeting.

Egad! it's time that the RAPPEL was beating.

[*Knocks his wand on the stage as policemen do. The sound is answered, and fairy Specials flock in from all parts and group around.*]

(*To FER. and MIR.*) Now then, disperse.

Fer. Divide us, if you can,

I s'pose you call yourself a loyal man.

And here you're getting up an agitation,
Our union to repeal, by separation.

Mir. Though as in Parliament, on every side
They stun our ears and cry "Divide, divide,"
Yet we'll not part.

Pro. You won't?

Fer. No!

Pro. Then, of course,

The law's authority I must enforce.

Tear them asunder! [*The Specials pull them apart.*]

Now, my loving pair,

I'll teach you both my mighty power to dare.

(*To MIRANDA.*) You, miss, I sentence, ere the moon is full,
To work six ottomans in Berlin wool.

[*Turning to FERDINAND.*]

And as for him, who'd "steal what isn't his'n,"

[*Indicating MIRANDA.*]

Now that he's "cotched," of course "he goes to pris'n."
Off with him—let him have some bread—nought richer;
His bed some straw; his only friend a pitcher.

SONG.—PROSPERO AND CHORUS.

TUNE—"Nix my Dolly."

In a box of the stone-jug all forlorn,
Whose walls your efforts will treat with scorn,
To break away,

All covered with irons, you'll have to lay,

Which will put a stop to your capers gay.

Fixed, my jolly pal, there you'll stay,

Fixed, my jolly pal, there you'll stay.

[*Exit into house*]

[*Fairies march to music of the chorus, one detachment taking MIRANDA off by the door, L., the others taking FERDINAND off, R.*]

SCENE V.—*A wild part of the Island. Music, "The Mar-seillaise Hymn."*

Enter CALIBAN, marching to music, with a Cap of Liberty on his head, a red flag in one hand, a small bundle of fire-wood in the other.

Cal. Yes, I'm resolved—I'll have a revolution—
Proclaim my rights—demand a constitution.

If he plays clubs I'll try and follow suit;
 No more I'll stoop to brush the hated boot,
 With which he kicks me—no; my plans are laid;
 These chips shall help to form a barricade.
 The Coming Man I'll prove myself ere long,
 And, when I *do* come, won't I come it strong?
 "Bruised worms will turn;" but I no worm will be;
 He'll be an early bird that catches me.

[*Music, "Faint and wearily."* Enter EASA DI BAC-
 CASTOPPA and SMUTTIFACIO, L., much fatigued.
 CALIBAN retires up, R.

Eas. Go on ahead!

Smu. Oh, sir, my biler's busted,
 My safety valves are broke, my steam-pipes rusted,
 Down in the dust here underneath the grate-
 ful shade of this wide tree I'll meet my fate.

[*Lies down, L.*

Eas. Nonsense! get up, man—don't so nervous be;
 That's all *you are*.

Smu. No, sir, it's all *U. P.*
 Stop—I've some chalk; here in this state forlorn
 I'll write my story, "Hunger's a sharp thorn."

[*Takes chalk from his pocket, and writes on the stage.*

Cal. (*aside.*) Foreign alliances in them I smell.

[*Comes forward, c.*

Gentlemen both, I hope I see you well.

Eas. (*starting.*) A native!

Smu. Ha! a native oyster?

Eas. No,

'Tisn't an oyster—'tis a rum fish, though.
 I'll speak to it in eloquence tremendous—
 Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin t'other,
 I will address thee boldly—How's your mother?

Smu. (*kneeling.*) Dread spirit, spare us!

Cal. Tremble not, but rise.

Be friends, not quakers—Come, let's fraternize.

[*Each embraces the other, then the three embrace together.*

I wish a little business to connect us.

I've got a scheme—

Eas. Let's look at the prospectus.

Cal. 'Tis but to take this Island—

Eas. For a lease?

Cal. No; for a kingdom. Take a share apiece.

Eas. What's the deposit?

Cal. Just a knife or ball
Within a tyrant's weazen—that is all.

Eas. Then we're your men.

Cal. You are?

Smu. Till all is blue!

Cal. Your hands—a covenant—there, that'll do.

But will you stick, and keep our treaty whole?

Eas. Stick! ay, like Gutta Percha! 'pon my sole.

Cal. Then we're resolved—let's strike the blow to-night.

Eas. Vive La Republique?

Smu. Yes, and serve him right.

SONG.—CALIBAN AND CHORUS.

TUNE—"There's a good Time coming."

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming.

We'll reign the monarchs of this Isle,

In a rayther heavy style,

In the good time coming.

Fighting cocks may come it strong;

We will come it stronger.

Faith, we'll have no end of spree—

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, &c.

[*Exeunt, embracing each other, and marching off to chorus.*]

Enter ARIEL, springing a watchman's rattle. Fairy Specialists appear from different parts.

Ari. Treason's afloat! Forward! Protect the crown;

Take the knaves up, and put this meeting down.

[*Exeunt, l.*]

SCENE VI.—Another part of the Island.

Enter FERDINAND (carrying a log of wood) and MIRANDA, l.

Mir. Shame, that a Prince so prime should be so loaded

Heir to such incomes, yet so incommoded.

Come, let me bear it for you.

Fer. You? my bird,

Bear such a burden? Good, upon my word.

Mir. Nay, come; throw off this dire log-bearing curse—

Set down the dire log, and let's converse.

Fer. (*throwing down wood.*) I'll cut my wood, Miranda, if you please—[*looking fondly at her.*]
 You in this Island bred, are quite the *cheese*.
 Your gait's most stylish!—just what I admire :
 Miranda! you're an angel.

Mir You're—another.

DUET.

TUNE—"Giles Scroggins."

Fer. I've courted many a girl in town. Ri tol, &c.
 But you the fairest of them all put down. Ri tol, &c.
 You take my fancy—just a few!
 And—if you loves me as I love you,
 What's handsome I intend to do. Ri tol, &c.
Mir. Yes, but I fear that fast men's wives. Ri tol, &c.
 Lead far from comfortable lives. Ri tol, &c.
 I hate casinos—gents I dread,
 And latch-keys, pipes, and negro-head.
 You must }
 I will } alter when we're mar-ri-ed. Ri tol, &c.
Fer. But to resume my pleasant occupation,
 Or I again may taste incarceration.

[*Tries to lift the log, but appears quite exhausted, an unable to move it.*]

I'm quite done up.

Mir. You're ill; ah! yes, I know
 I'll go and fetch Papa, and tell him so :
 He will prescribe—

Fer. Some food were better far
 Than any *Life Pills* made by your *old Pa'*.

Mir. Then you shall have some in a crack, or less,
 Spite of Papa.

[*Exit, L.*]

Fer. A case of real distress!
 I faint—I die. Yet stay, in dying though,
 In operas, folks must sing before they go;
 It's a queer rule, yet still I must obey it.

(*To orchestra.*)

I think you've got the music, perhaps you'll play it?

SONG.—FERDINAND.

TUNE—"The Four-leaved Shamrock."

I'd eat a score of oysters,
 If all these fairy dells
 Such native beauties could but boast;
 Oh! how I'd clean the shells.

Or if a smoking mutton chop
 Mine eyes could but behold,
 I don't imagine it would stand
 Much chance of growing cold.
 But such like dainties, I'm afraid,
 Just here don't much abound;
 For not an inn or eating-house
 Can in this Isle be found.

Oh! for some victuals!

[*ARIEL rises through a trap, L. with a napkin over his arm, in the style of a waiter. FERDINAND starts.*

Ari. Give your orders, please!

We've roast beef, boiled beef, 'tatoes, carrots, cheese.

Fer. Why, where did you come from?

Ari. I mustn't tell!

Please give your orders.

Fer. (aside.) Now, is this a sell?

It's worth the trial. (*To Ariel.*) Oh! I don't care what.

Just bring me something—anything you've got.

[*ARIEL waves his wand—a splendid banquet rises, c. Fairies flock in and surround the table. FERDINAND begins eating voraciously.*

Fer. (eating.) I really do with things the strangest meet—

This peck now—quite an unexpected treat!

It's strange. Some folks would be alarmed at this;

But to us "fast men" nothing comes amiss.

The time's gone by for ghostly retributions.

Folks heed ghosts now no more than revolutions. [*Rises.*

Your banquet's quite reformed me—clear away.

[*Table sinks.*

Soon done, at any rate! Come here, I say—(*to ARIEL.*)

Ari. Well, sir?

Fer. Just answer me a civil question:

Don't you think dancing serves to aid digestion?

Ari. No one of any common sense would doubt it.

Fer. Then choose a partner, and look sharp about it.

[*Selects one of the Fairies.*

Ari. With all my heart.

[*Chooses a partner.*

The Trois Temps, is it?

Fer. (indignantly.) No;

Do you imagine I could be so slow?

Ari. Of course—I did but joke; come, don't resent it.

Vive La Deux Temps! Now off, as if we meant it.

[FERDINAND, ARIEL, and two Fairies dance the *Deux Temps* very rapidly, finishing with a polka. The other Fairies group round, and beat time on the stage with their staves. Music dies gradually away. ARIEL and all the Fairies sink simultaneously through traps. FERDINAND continues dancing alone.

Enter MIRANDA, L. with basket.

Mir. Come, Prince, arouse; take this your heart to cheer.

What! gone? oh! Ferdinand, where are you?

[*Music stops abruptly.* FERDINAND stands still

Fer.

Here!

Mir. Come then, take this. What means your head averted?

Fer. Thank you, I've dined.

Mir. I feared you had deserted.

Fer. Me! a deserter from your company?

Oh! no; "Miranda, wilt thou gang wi' me?"

Say yes! Let's mizzle—bolt—elope I mean.

Mir. What! run to *Gretna*? no; that would be green.

Fer. Hah! you refuse me?

Mir.

Did you never guess,

When girls say "no," they half their time mean "yes?"

Fer. Then you will come?

Mir.

Yes!

Fer.

Does that "yes" mean "no?"

Mir. No!

Fer.

That means "yes."

Mir.

Oh! no; it means I'll go.

(*hesitating.*) But when we're gone Pa'll get in such a rage.

Fer. Fathers are *always* savage on the stage.

Come, dear Miranda, let's no longer tarry—

Let us at once be "persons about to marry."

There, that's a dear—soon will be rumours rife

Concerning an "Elopement in high life." [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE VII.—*The Sea Shore. Music, "By the Sad Sea Waves."*

Enter ALONZO, GONZALO, LORDS, COURTIER, &c.

Alo. (*miserably.*) Was ever monarch so much out of luck?

Gon. My liege, do, pray, keep up the royal pluck.

Alo. Silence, thou idiot!

Gon.

Sire, I thought—

Alo. You lie!

Gon. You can't think!

Alo. Sire!

Alo. I say you can't—don't try.

Gon. Great Monarch!

Alo. Silence, dog! speak if you dare!

Gon. My liege, I'm dumb—

Alo. You're not!—I wish you were.

Gon. I mean!—

Alo. You don't!

Gon. That is—

Alo. It isn't, slave!

[*Recollecting himself, and suddenly becoming miserable.*

But oh! my son, beneath this sad sea wave.
 'Twould break a heart—though tough as India rubber.
 Thy loss has made me *wail* and made me *blubber*.

SONG.

TUNE—"All round my Hat."

All round my hat,
 I'll wear some crape—I will, oh!
 All round my hat—
 If there's any to be had.
 And if any one should ask me
 The reason why I wear it,
 I'll tell 'em 'tis because I am
 In mourning for my lad.

Oh! dearly has he paid for the
 Contempt with which he treated
 My counsels and advice.
 So judicious and so sound
 He said it seemed so fast
 On the bowsprit to be seated;
 And so he sat there till he tumbled
 Over and was drowned.

Gonzalo and } All round my hat, &c.
 Lords sing chorus } All round his hat, &c.

Gon. (*commences a second time alone*)—All round his hat.

Alo. (*striking him with umbrella.*)
 Silence! be quiet, who told you to sing?

Gon. Great Monarch!

Alo. Silence!

Gon. High and mighty King,
 Let me but speak, I pray, by all that's reasonable.

Alo. I shan't! "advised and open speaking's" treasonable.
(recollecting himself.) But there again, my son, I'd near forgot—
 How dare you talk, sir, when I told you not?
Will you intrude your stupid observations,
To interrupt our royal lamentations?

SONG.

TUNE—"Jeannette and Jeannot."

We are going the wrong way, any wager I will bet;
 There's no chance left to save him now, he must be very wet,
 All our arts would fail to cure him if his body e'en we'd got,
 Hot blankets, rum, or brandy, or, what's the same, gin-hot.
 Oh! if I had now the chance, I'd know better than to roam,
 I'd have no flighty trips abroad, I'd keep my court at home;
 All the world I'd freely give—all my kingly pomp and might,
 if I at my unhappy boy could only take a sight.

Oh woe! woe! woe!

Gon. Gee woa! great King, pull up.*Alo.* The Prince of Naples drowned like any pup!

The Heir Apparent from a parent stole!

A prey to pikes—no bell to pay the toll!

No friends to mourn him! oh, my fate is sad!

I mourn, *alas*—ee'n while I mourn a lad.[*As if struck with a sudden idea.*]

Stay, I'll go mad, and tear my hair and scold,

And rave, and dance, and sing "Poor Tom's a-cold!"

[*Dances about the stage making faces.*]

Hurrah! I'm mad.

Gon. Your majesty, alack!

What means this change?

Alo. Hush! I'm the maniac![*Music from Russell's "Maniac."*]ALONZO (*while dancing about.*)

TUNE—"I see her Dancing," &c. from the "Maniac."

I see him o'er the billows sprawl,

I see him—no, I don't at all.

Tiddee-um-tum, &c.

[*Keeps dancing to chorus. GONZALO following him round the stage.*]

Gon. Ow! if you please your Majesty, now don't—
 Be quiet, do.

Alo. I can't.

Gon. Oh! try.

Alo. I won't!

[Resumes chorus, and finishes by falling into GONZALO'S arms.

Gon. (crying.) Oh! Here's a pickle! here's a mess. Oh dear
Can no one help me?

Enter ARIEL, L.

Ari. I can.

Alo. (becoming collected.) Ah! what's here?

Ari. (presenting card.) F. M. the Duke of this Enchanted Isle
Presents his compliments, and prays you'll smile
On his request. F. M. the Duke solicits
Your Majesty to honor him with visits
During your stay upon this humble shore.
F. M. the Duke "at home" this day at four.

Alo. A friendly invitation? Come, that's pleasant;
Well, we'll postpone our madness for the present.
We'll grant the favour that your master begs;
'Neath his mahogany we'll stretch our legs.

Ari. Great King, your condescension does me proud,
I'll show you thither, if I be allowed.

Alo. Go on, I follow; is the dwelling nigh?

Ari. 'Tis a close cell, which you will find close by.

[Exeunt omnes, L. ARIEL leading the way.

Scene opens, and discovers

SCENE THE LAST.—The interior of PROSPERO'S cell, rocks
hung all around with lamps, &c. Conjuror's apparatus
hanging up, and placed about the stage; a table c. with cups
and balls, &c. PROSPERO seated, dressed in full wizard's cos-
tume à la Mons. Phillippe. Fairies in attendance. Incan-
tation music from "Macbeth."

Pro. Now, Prosper' you are bless'd as folks can wish you,
For all your schemes approach a happy issue!
My children, soon by ye shall be enjoyed
Bliss, which shall seem, by contrast, unalloyed.
As to the sickly child of tender years,
The lump of sugar doubly sweet appears,
After the nauseous taste its mouth late bore,
Caused by the hated "mixture as before."
But time gets on. What ho! who waits without?

Enter ARIEL, L.

Ari. 'Tis I, my lord, the early—

Pro. Silence, hout !
That poor old joke—would you ill-treat it so ?
Where are the visitors ?

Ari. They are all below.

Pro. What ! waiting ? out, you ill-conditioned pup !
Don't you make game of them, but show them up.

[*Exit ARIEL.*]

He comes ! Down, throbbing heart !

[*Enter ARIEL, ushering in ALONZO, GONZALO, LORDS, COURTIER, &c.*]

My liege, most welcome !
That you should thus unto my humble cell come,
I deem an honour—

Alo. Do you now, that's kind ?

(*Aside.*) 'Tisn't his honours, but his tricks we'd mind.

Pro. Pray, sirs, be seated.

[*Fairies set chairs for KING and LORDS.*]

Alo. Um ! This chair, mayhap,
May prove to be some vile enchanted trap ;
But we'll be down upon it (*sits L.*) never fear [*they all sit.*]

Pro. As I before remarked, your coming here
I deem an honour—

Alo. That you said before ;
P'raps you'll oblige us now with something more.

Pro. I will. According to Dame Rumour's tales,
You've been a sufferer by the recent gales.

Alo. Yes, like cheap drapers we might advertise

"Great loss by shipwreck—fearful sacrifice ;"

Our newest steamer and our oldest son

For shots to Davy's locker both are gone.

Pro. Be not too sure. They may be in existence ;
And p'raps my art may render some assistance.

Alo. Oh, if you can, with treasures we'll requite you ;
At least, what's very much the same, we'll knight you.

Pro. I, you must know, 'mongst many more professions,
Am chairman of our Island's petty sessions ;

We have some cases to be tried to-day

Which may throw something pleasant in your way.

(*To ARI.*) Call the first case on ; quick, for time runs short ;

Ari. Officers, bring the prisoners into Court.

[*Execunt R. a detachment of Fairies. Music, "Marseillaise," very slowly. Re-enter fairies guarding CALIBAN, EASA DI BACCASTOPPA, and SMUTTIFACIO, loaded with chains. The prisoners walk with mock dignity.*]

Alo. (starting melodramatically.) Those eyes!

Gon. (starting.) Those limbs!

Alo. That hat!

Gon. That bird's-eye choker!

Alo. Those highlows!

Gon. 'Tis the captain!

Alo. 'Tis the stoker!

Cal. (to the prisoners.) Of Liberty it's plain the cap won't fit,
Therefore we'd better quietly submit.

(to Pro.) Governor, we surrender at discretion,
And to your government send in adhesion;
We own that this a just and fair defeat is,
So take these chains off, and let's sign some treaties.

Pro. Insolent slave!

Cal. Oh! don't be in a fury;

If you prefer it, try us—where's the jury? [*Sees ALO. &c.*

Is that it? 'cos, if so, it's ill-selected;

That jury's pack'd, and also misdirected.

Ari. Silence!

Cal. I shan't—I'll do what's often done—

Challenge the jury—so, my bucks, come on.

[*Shows fight at them. They get out of his way, frightened.*

They're frightened! Yes—they dread my vengeful knocks;
They don't seem partial to a jury-box.

[*Squares at them again. ARIEL comes forward and collars him.*

Ari. Come, come—we can't have conduct of this sort;
You'll get committed for contempt of court.

[*Pulls him back to his place, R. and stands keeping guard over him.*

Cal. Valour's no use, I see—but *vice versa*,

(to the prisoners.) We'd better recommend ourselves to mercy.

(to Pro.) Respected sir—

Pro. Peace, slave! and stand aside;

Fish more important's waiting to be fried.

[*Goes behind table, turns up his sleeves as conjurors do, and begins playing with the cups and balls.*

My liege and lords, now keep your eyes upon me,
And something of a conjuror you'll own me.

[*Strikes the table with his wand. Table sinks rapidly, and in its place FERDINAND and MIRANDA and a "Special" rise. FERDINAND*

*starts with astonishment, and coming forward
sings as he recognises the different individuals—*

TUNE—"The Chaunt Chorus from Jack Sheppard."

There's—the Captain as was our commander,

[*Seeing EASA DI BACCASTOPPA.*

There's—my worthy papa-in-law, too ;

[*Seeing PROSPERO.*

There's—the stoker, as well as a stranger ;

[*Seeing SMUTTI. and CALIBAN*

No—Gov'nor, sure that can't be you !

[*Seeing ALONZO.*

ALONZO sings, in reply.

I— wish I could credit my senses,

A—cross the apartment I'd fly

To—what looks very like my lost Ferdinand ;

'Tis—he ! and my senses don't lie.

Fer. With my tooral-ol, tooral-ol, &c.

[*FERDINAND and ALONZO sing the chorus alternately ;
finishing it with the " chaunt," as in the original.
All join in.*

Pro. (aside to audience.)

Now, mind your eyes ! for I've in preparation

A fearfully affecting situation.

[*He takes MIRANDA, and presents her to ALONZO.*

Behold thy child-in-law !

(*To FERDINAND.*) Start not, my son,

My late severity was only fun.

[*FERDINAND and MIRANDA kneeling to ALONZO.*

Your blessing, gov'nor. }

Your blessing, Pa'-in-law. {

Alo. Oh ! by all means—

It's always giv'n in dramas' closing scenes.

[*Puts his hands on their heads.*

Cut larks and latch-keys !—prosper, and be steady.

Pro. (to audience.)

Now, then, it's coming !—get your cambrics ready.

[*Aloud, and much agitated.*

My bosom's feelings I no more can smother.

Alonzo ! here ! behold thy long-lost brother !

Ato. (startled, but by no means pleased.)

Eh! what? oh! ah! my brother?—yes, of course!

[Embraces PROSPERO very coldly

By this discovery I'm a throne the worse.

[Spoken aside to audience over PROSPERO's shoulder.

Pro. Brother, at finding me be not cast down.

I would not rob you of a half a crown,

Much less a whole one.

Alo. (brightening up.) I'm relieved of pain.

(affectionately.) My dearest brother, let's embrace again.

[They embrace cordially.

Pro. Now be surprised with one more piece of wonder.

What ho! Rocks, stones, and earth there, fly asunder!

[The scene at back flies rapidly open and discovers the Steamer lying at anchor in a dock of fairy-like structure—a Lighthouse, R. in the shape of a chamber candlestick, with a taper burning—a carpeted gangway, C. leading up to the steamer, ARIEL pointing up to it with his wand as "outers" do—Fairy ringing a steam-boat bell, L.—The whole Scene to have a light and fairy-like appearance.

Pro. Now, who's for Naples?

[They are all going up the stage, CALIBAN stops PROSPERO.

Cal. Naples! nonsense—stay,

Don't talk of Naples yet.

Pro. Why not, sir, pray?

Cal. Why? Come, that's good. If you're all leaving thus,

"What's to be done for the people"—meaning us?

Ari. You—what do you deserve?

Cal. (smiling and looking at audience.) I hardly know

What do we all deserve. Best put it so.

Ari. (to audience.) Ay, what?—do we deserve your magic smile,

To lend fresh charms to our "Enchanted Isle?"

Cal. (pushing forward and interrupting.)

Excuse me, pray; my lawless acts completing,

With stirring language I'll inflame this meeting.

(To audience.) Be noisy—and excuse the observation—

Get up a devil of a demonstration;

But not with arms—no, only with the hand.

[Indicating clapping.

That's all we want. And, please to understand,

THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

Tho' noise 'mongst you we're wishing to increase—
Here on the stage we wish to *keep the piece*!

FINALE.

FERDINAND *comes forward and looks round the house.*

TUNE—"The Boatman's Dance."

From the hasty glance that around I fling,
I think we've done a successful thing.
I never saw a lot of folks in all my life
Whose faces seemed with glee so rife.

[*Turning to the Actors.*

So dance, my comrades, dance—

Dance, my comrades, dance.

Dance—all's right,

For we've pleased them all to-night,

And they'll tell all their friends in the morning.

[*To Audience.*

Pray show, before you go,

Have we earned your smiles or no?

[*General dance by all the characters to the Chorus,
"Pray, show," &c. They all strike attitudes,
and the curtain falls.*

R.

Disposition of Characters.

L.

Fairies.

Fairies.

Fairies and Soldiers.

Lords and Soldiers.

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